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The Balance, AND COLUMBIAN REPOSITORY.

"HAIL SACRED POLITY, BY FREEDOM REAR'D!
"HAIL SACRED FREEDOM, WHEN BY LAW RESTRAIN'D!"
BEATTIE.

HUDSON, (NEW-YORK) *Tuesday*, SEPTEMBER 30, 1806.

Editorial.

TROUBLE IN THE WIGWAM.

THREE productions have recently appeared in the leading democratic prints of the United States (and have been copied into the Balance) on which it may be useful to comment. We refer to a publication under the signature of "DECIUS"—the disclosures and statements from the "*Western World*;" and the charges of LUTHER LOOMIS, against the Post-Master-General. Before we dismiss the discussion of these several productions, we may find occasion to notice the minor divisions and dissentions in some of the individual states: But, be our view of the subject either limited or extended, the motto we have adopted, we presume, will not be found inapplicable.

"DECIUS," is but another name for the Hon. JOHN RANDOLPH, member of Congress from Virginia. The part taken by this gentleman, last winter, in opposition to an administration, which had before received his most unequivocal support and approbation, is tolerably well known. But his motives for this opposition, have been variously represented. Whether they were base or laudable, we know not; nor does the question, in the least degree, affect the present discussion. We introduce Mr. RANDOLPH to our readers, in this case, as a witness against his fellow-labourers in the vineyard of democracy. He must be well acquainted with their secret iniquities; and we thank heaven, that he has been induced, thro' resentment, love of country, or any other cause, to make them public.

"It must be obvious to the most superficial eye, (says "DECIUS") that every consideration of a selfish, or prudential nature, would have dissuaded any man, or set of men, among the republicans, from an open opposition to any leading and favorite measure of the executive, at that juncture. The president of the United States had just been re-elected by a great and imposing majority of the people. The acquisition of Louisiana had given an eclat to the executive, and cast a splendor round the administration, in which every minor defect of the government was eclipsed and forgotten. The colossal popularity of the president seemed to mock at all opposition. Unmindful of past and dear-bought experience, the republicans had erected a political idol, on whose altars he, who dared to question its infallibility, must prepare to bleed. In this posture of affairs, all opposition was indeed a forlorn hope. There was every thing to lose, nothing to gain. The minority had only to compromise their principles, to betray their duty to themselves, their constituents, and their country, in order to enjoy the countenance of the administration, to ensure the approbation of the public, for a time, and their own contempt forever. They had but to acquiesce in measures which their conscience and judgment condemned, and swim in ignoble security with the current of the day. They were not insensible to the danger of the opposite course: but whilst they coolly estimated the difficulty, they had the fortitude to encounter it. Let it be admitted, for a moment, that these gentlemen were mistaken in their views: still I pronounce, that he who does not applaud their independence and firmness, is unworthy of the name of freeman. They had the courage to assert and maintain the deliberate convictions of their honest judgment against the proudest authority, and preferred the hazard of their popularity, to the surrender of their understandings and consciences. Let the people look to it. Is there any danger of a dearth of time-servers, under any administration, which has the power of rewarding them? that due respect will not always be paid to the loaves and fishes? The history of this government, of every executive with regal powers, must answer the question. Let the members constituting the republican minority be dismissed from the confidence and employment of the people—can they look for any thing like independence in their successors? It would indeed be an idle expectation. They must enter upon their legislative duties with instructions to lay aside the suggestions of their own understandings, and conform themselves in all things to the wishes of the cabinet. The first lesson which they learned would teach them to consider any variation from the executive standard, as the most heinous sin in the political decalogue. Would such men dare to oppose any presidential project, however criminal? From the very nature of their appointment, they must become the puppets of the administration, for the time being. A house of representatives, so constituted, must dwindle into a mere chamber for enregistering ministerial edicts; and whilst the forms of the constitution were preserved, its substance would vanish."

Let the picture drawn in the above passage, be read and scrutinized. It affords us some idea of what has been called a *republican*, in contradistinction of a *federal*, government. Can that be termed a true and genuine republican government, where no prudent man dare oppose a leading and favorite measure of the executive? Can those men be republicans, who erect a political idol, on whose altars he who dares question its infallibility, must prepare to bleed? Can freedom exist, where every member of a party must compromise his principles, betray his duty to himself, his constituents, and his country, in order to enjoy the countenance of the administration? Can a people prosper, when their representatives are compelled to acquiesce in measures which their consciences and judgment condemn? Behold, then, the deformity, the monstrous deformity, of an administration which has been held up to us as the model of perfection, and which has been given us, in exchange for one, of the most beautiful symmetry. Such, reader, is the dangerous tendency of a popularity that "mocks at all opposition"—that casts a splendor round an administration, in which every minor defect is eclipsed; and "DECIUS," with much truth and propriety, tells us, that there is no danger of a dearth of time-servers, under any administration, which has the power of rewarding them—that due respect will always be paid to the loaves and fishes.—Are the people of this country ready and willing to countenance that colossal popularity, which induces men, who enter upon their legislative duties, to lay aside the suggestions of their own understandings, and conform themselves in all things to the wishes of the cabinet—to consider any variation from the executive stand-

ard, as the most henious sin in the political decalogue—to favor any presidential project, however criminal—to become the mere puppets of the administration—to convert the house of representatives into a chamber for enregistering ministerial edicts—to preserve the forms of the constitution, and let its substance vanish? Or, are the people ready and willing to render up their rights and liberties to the care of an executive, who courts and wins this overbearing popularity, and then employs it for base and sinister purposes?

We know full well what answer will be given to all these questions, by the advocates of Mr. Jefferson. They will tell us that the president is a pure and immaculate republican—that he can do no wrong—that power, in his hands, will never be abused—that our liberties, in his keeping, will always be safe. They will deny, that he has ever been actuated, except by the most noble and patriotic views.

In our next, we shall introduce Mr. Randolph's testimony on this point.

Communications.

FOR THE BALANCE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I AM sensible that nothing can be more improper, than for a private citizen and a young man, to impose his private concerns upon the patience of the public. But when any individual, however insignificant, is dragged before the public and there assailed by a band of bravoes, it certainly is his duty to make a defence, and shield himself from destruction. To those who have perused the columns of the droning Bee for a number of weeks past, the above observations will be an apology sufficient for this address. That insect seems to have roused itself from that state of intellectual slumber, in which it had long dozed, and, with all the little fury of its insignificant malice, has for five weeks buzzed about my reputation, and aimed its poisonous sting at my character. Its anonymous writers are disregarded. The hireling crew in this city, who have bowed to democracy, have, I well know, long wished for an opportunity to assassinate my infant character. They have had the opportunity. They have hurled at me each a dart. But, like the javelin of Priam, their darts have fell harmless around me. I pity their malice—I regret their meanness. But I neither dread or regard their efforts. Like ephemerals, they have had their moment, and flourished in the filth of the Bee. But, like ephemerals, the breeze of the evening has swept them away and they are forgotten. Their criticisms on my oration, like their invectives against my person and character, indicate minds so low, and hearts so base, as inevitably to torture and punish them; without the slightest aid from my pen. I have nothing further to say to them. If either my productions, or my reputation can be injured, or in the least affected, by the malice of such crawling reptiles as have attacked them in the Bee; why then let them perish. They cannot be worth the trouble of preserving. Most of my assailants, as if ashamed of their dirty employment, and as if mortified to roll in the foulness of the Bee, have sheltered both their fame and persons behind that moving lump of dirt, the editor. But Mr. James Birdsall is an exception to this rule. He has walked out with deliberation, and *put* his name to a piece of the most infamous cast. He has culled all the flowers of Billingsgate. He has bound them in a bundle and opened them to the public in his own proper person. Such language as he has used to me in his address, is infinitely contemptible. It is precisely that, however, which was to be expected from one who has lived in the woods, and whose whole appearance, a short time since, was extremely savage; and who, even now, is less than half civilized. It is well calculated to suit a *genuine*, perfect blackguard. But I will not imitate the poor fellow, whose baseness and perfidy I am chastising. He calls me *coward*. My only reply is—when I suffer any man to *wring my nose*, and *beat my carcase* in a public street, in the city of Hudson, with impunity, then will I acknowledge the term well applied. I will not retort the epithet. But will refer the whole to the decision of Mr. *William Wigram*. There cannot be a better judge of Mr. Birdsall's spirit and bravery. Mr. B. also charges me with *ingratitude*; because he visited me when sick. That is certainly true. He did enter my room, while I was laboring under a severe and dangerous indisposition. I felt towards him as a friend, as a companion; and I have been always ready to render to him or any other person the same benevolent act, when placed in similar circumstances. If Mr. B. had robbed me of property, or attempted to take away my life, would it be *ingratitude* in me to bring him to justice, that he might be punished for his wickedness? If it would not, where then is the crime in exposing the wretch, whose malignity of disposition, prompted him to endeavor, by all the means in his power, to rob me of that, which "not enriches him, but makes me poor indeed." If Mr. B. was once friendly to me, so was I to him. We mutually lived in the intercourse of acts of friendship. But at that time, I had no suspicion that his *face* was the true index of his heart. I did not know that his pretended friendship was but a veil which concealed the most hypocritical and base conduct which ever disgraced a villain. The moment I discovered this, I abandoned the fellow. Nay, under the signature of Ajax in the Balance, I delineated his character, and exposed his duplicity to the world. I considered this as proper; I think it so yet. Mr. B. says, he has made every effort, to keep my name above contempt. Whether to laugh at the ridiculousness of the assertion, or to despise and pity the vanity of the youngster, I am not yet determined. I trust those who know me, will believe me sincere when I declare, that I feel the most unbounded obligations to Mr. Birdsall. I have only to regret, that my efforts in his favor, have not been equally successful. His infernal "*propensity to sinking*," has ever rendered ineffectual the interference of his friends. He has been sinking lower, and lower, for two years past, and behold now his forlorn situation: prove, an ingrate, an hypocrite, and a mean dastard, in his conduct to me. Personally chastised in a public street, for his impertinent meanness to Mr. Wigram. Ashamed to look any man of honor in the face. Wandering from town to town—from village to village. But it is enough. Contempt for his meanness, gives way to pity for his miserable fate. And I sincerely hope, that the consequences of his baseness, thus early in life, may lead him to that kind of reflection and repentance, the remembrance of which, will forever bind him fast to principles of honor and truth. Mr. Birdsall denies that he was the author of the piece imputed to him by Ajax. So low has he sunk in my opinion; so much have I seen of his treachery and duplicity, that I cannot credit his assertion. I have proof, which I deem conclusive. But independently of this, Mr. B. has been guilty of the vilest treachery. To appear conspicuous and dignified before the public, Mr. Birdsall, supported by little trash only, declares that I prevailed upon Mr. Wigram to request me to deliver an oration; and that is the *polite invitation* which I received. It is low and mean condescension, to be sure, to trouble the public with such a tale, fit only to be told by its contemptible author. I was solicited by a number of respectable citizens whose wishes I shall ever feel proud to gratify, when in my power. I delivered the oration, which has been submitted to public inspection. That the production is free from defects, I have not the vanity to assert. But I do say, it contains truths, undeniable truths, for the uttering of which I have subjected myself to all the abuse which the malice and ingenuity of democracy could devise. Mr. Birdsall, understanding my appointment to deliver an oration on the 4th of July, and experiencing a degree of *neglect* and *omission*, by his political friends, in not offering to him the privilege of appearing before the public, they having preferred the talents of Mr. Rowe to his groveling genius, thought proper to wreak the vengeance of *disappointment* on my hand, and thereby prostrate my reputation to the low standing of his own. Not content, however, to injure me alone, he drags unnecessarily and therefore dastardly before the public, Mr. Wigram, a gentleman who was a fellow student in the same office with him, and with whom he supposed he might trifle with impunity. The reverse of this supposition, he has experienced to his severe mortification and disappointment. The statement already given to the public by Mr. Wigram, supercedes in some measure, the necessity of noticing the infamous falsehoods of this base and malignant slanderer. True, Mr. B. did come to me, as an emissary from the democrats generally. He did *ask*, *implore*, and *beg accommodation*; that my oration might succeed theirs. As a friend, I yielded to his request, and was advised so to do from others interested in my success. He did engage to attend, if the orations were not spoken at the same time; and that being settled, agreeable to his wishes, he left my room under the sacred and positive engagement to carry this arrangement into execution. This obligation he violated. He did, together with his democratic coadjutors, endeavor to frustrate the federal celebration. Every vile project was employed to bring me into contempt and disgrace. Shortly after the publication of the oration, his mean and groveling spirit dictated a base and scurrilous attack on the oration, and on me. This same piece was presented by him to one of his associates, who advised him not to publish it; and I believe the language of this friend is yet preserved, and can be repeated when necessary. Under these circumstances, Mr. Birdsall has the effrontery to say, that the attack on my part was *unprovoked*. It may be, there was one expression in Ajax which displeased Mr. Birdsall more than all the rest. Something was said respecting the *brown* young man, who was just entering the threshold of the bar. Some may suppose, that thus designating his person, was unjustifiable, as it is beyond a man's capacity to mend his personal imperfections. True; but when the qualities of the soul correspond with the external expression, there can be no harm, at least, in mentioning either, since the ideas of both are associated. In this case, who that knows the man, will not say, with the celebrated Lavater, that "the face is an index to the mind."

I have now done with this controversy, so far as the public is concerned. I dismiss it with freedom. To expose *treachery*, *duplicity* and *hypocrisy*, and to defend myself, have I appeared before the public. My oration was published with my consent. I expected, and I have not been disappointed, that the malice of democracy would abuse the production. I was willing that it should be so. But I did not expect that every snipper-snapper democrat, would wound my reputation and feelings. They cannot injure me, however; and I cannot regret that this affair has happened, because it has unmasked a *villain*, who, under the veil of friendship, was plotting the ruin of my character.

JAMES POWERS.

Hudson, Sep. 20, 1806.

[From a Communication offered for publication.]

SLANDER gave the democrats the supreme authority of our country; but the avarice and ambition which dictated this slander, could not be satisfied. All the emoluments arising from public stations in this country, would not afford bread for the chiefs of the party, and the hungry vagabonds who espoused their cause. While some were gratified, others were left unprovided for, in consequence of which local contentions have arisen among them; and they are now turning their weapons against each other. They are daily accusing each other of the greatest and blackest crimes, which receive nothing but the most flimsy attempts at refutation. Honest men, therefore, are content to think them true. Y. Z.

FOR THE BALANCE.

PASSING, the other day, over "Turtle Point," I accidentally discovered a piece of paper lying on the ground; and taking it

up, found it to be a part of a song, composed, probably, for the democratic celebration of the fourth of July, in this city. The paper was very much mutilated, and I was only able to make out, entire, the *Recitative*, which was, I imagine, intended to have been rehearsed, by way of prologue to the song. It was entitled,

"AN ALLITERATIVE ACROSTIC.

"*Andante Recitativo.*

"To THOMAS, trill the tuneful theme;
"Harmoniously, his honors hymn;
("Of old *Olympus* oppidan;
"Most mighty, mammoth, mountain Man.)
"And, as an annual anodyne,
"SAL, sable SAL, shall sweetly shine.

"Join, jovial Jeffersonians, join;
"Eternal evergreen entwine:—
"Forever fan fair freedom's flame;
"Fix fleeting, fading, federal fame.
"Enravish every empty ear—
("Reviling reprob[illegible]s revere.)
"Sweet strains sublime, seraphic shout;
"Order old "oppugnation" out,
"No noxious, nocent novice near."

Next followed a fragment of the song, which, from the measure, I suppose was designed to have been sung to the tune of "*Jefferson and Liberty.*" It began thus—

"Hail, hail the ever-glorious morn,
"Grand epoch of our nation's birth;
"This day was *Independence* born,
"And flitted down from heav'n to earth.
"Shout, shout, and rend the vaulted sky;
"Huzza, huzza, our nation's free;
"Clap, clap your"

Here the paper was torn off, and the votaries of science must regret that so precious a *morceau* of literature and patriotism, is, perhaps, lost to the world. I can only say as PETER PINDAR said when the rats had eaten up his favorite poem,

"I've lost an ode of charming praise."

TACITURN.

Editor's Closet.

The people of New-England ought to go to school and learn something. Let them get Duane for a teacher, and they will soon become wise. Hitherto, they have been so simple as to look upon the Hon. Fisher Ames, as a man of sense and an elegant writer. Now Duane says his writing is nothing but "splendid nonsense;" and every democrat in the country, taking his cue from Duane, bawls out—*La! Fisher Ames is nothing but a splendid nonsense!*

B U L L.

Duane, after giving a description of the *wet* dock, at Leith, in Scotland, says, "Docks of this kind are objects of applause and admiration, but when proposed by Mr. Jefferson for the United States—they are horrible!"—Paddy forgot to remember that Mr. Jefferson's was a *dry* dock.

If Cheetham studies his own interest, he will in future hire his Lawyer Endless, who writes Polybius and such kind of stuff, by the job. If he continues to write by the column, the state will not contain him much longer.

Tunis (Polybius) Wortman, who, as some folks say, was *catched in the woods*, and who, when he begins to write, forgets to end, in one of his late pieces, says "Away with little scribblers. Banish foreign emissaries." And this is published by the same Cheetham that was imported from old England.

More Trouble in the Wigwam.

A most violent attack on Mr. Gallatin, which appears in the *Richmond Enquirer*, concludes in the following strain of denunciation:—

"You have approached, sir, the very brink of the "precipice. Suspected by the republicans of Penn"sylvania, you can scarce aspire to any new office "within the gift of the people. Once let the gen"eral government be convinced that you are an a"postate, and your political existence vanishes for"ever."

After this, who can deny the statement of Mr. RANDOLPH, in the first page of this paper.

YRUJO and Mr. MADISON.

At the moment when the Marqus Yrujo is presenting himself to our government, with his new credentials and his French recommendation, the reader may be inclined to turn to the Balance of the 25th February last, and re-peruse the correspondence which took place last winter, between this doughty Spaniard and Mr. Secretary Madison: But for the benefit of those who do not choose to take this trouble, we copy some of the prominent passages from the letters:—

EXTRACTS.

Madison to Yrujo, Jan. 15, 1806.—"It is seen, "therefore, not without surprise, that at this late "day, you should have repaired to the seat of go"vernment as if nothing had occurred rendering "such a step improper. Under these circumstan"ces, the president has charged me to signify to you, "that your remaining at this place is dissatisfacto"ry to him, and that although he cannot permit him"self to insist on your departure from the U. States "during an inclement season, he expects it will not "be unnecessarily postponed after this obstacle shall "have ceased."

Answer, Jan. 16—"My arrival here is an in"nocent and legal act, which leaves me in the full "enjoyment of all my rights and privileges, both "as a public character or as a private individual. "Making use therefore of these rights and privile"ges, I intend remaining in the city, four miles "square, in which the government reside, as long as "it may suit the interest of the king my master, or "my own personal convenience."

Second Answer, Jan. 19.—"The envoy extraor"dinary and minister plenipotentiary of his Catho"lic majesty, near the United States, receives no "orders except from his sovereign."

The subjoined articles, pretty clearly shew, that in the farcical, comical (God forbid that it should prove tragical) drama now playing by America and Spain, *the plot is fast thickening*:—

In giving the following article from Reif's Gazette, we venture to ascribe it to the Marquis De Cassa Yrujo—a circumstance that imparts to it no small degree of interest. Will the democratic prints continue to make the assertion, that the administration were ignorant of Miranda's expedition and innocent of any participation in it?

[*Evening Post.*]

COMMUNICATION.

Had the Marquis de Cassa Yrujo left this city with the intention of going down to Washington, which we understand was not the case, the surprise at his return must have been grounded on the supposition of his being able to find the *officers* of government at the *seat of government*.—This supposition on the part of the public, would have been rational enough after the solemn declaration of the heads of departments for not attending Ogden's trial, by the possibility of a sudden emergency of public affairs; but it is well known that at the *seat of government* there is not a single *officer of government*. Admitting then an intention of the Marquis, which by the by never existed, of his going down to the *seat of government*, it is clear he would have been on a *wild goose chase*, as no man could find out other *officers of government* even with Diogenes' Lanthorn in his hand, except Dr. Thornton, lately considered as such, on purpose to prevent his declaring under oath, that he had not only spoken very often to Mr. Madison respecting Miranda's expedition, but that Dr. Thornton himself, the intimate friend and next door neighbor and holding an office under the secretary of state, had gone so far as to *pen* and to *deliver into Miranda's hands a constitution* for the *provinces of Carracas and Venezuela, which he was going to revolutionize*. This is the only *officer of government* likely to be found at the seat of government, as the President was at the distance of more than 130 miles from it, Mr. Madison at more than 100, the Secretary of the Navy at his country seat, the Secretary of the treasury at New-York, and the attorney general in Kentucky!!! After this *compact situation* of the members of our government, it is a sin against common sense, to suppose that the Marquis de Cassa Yrujo could have had it in contemplation, on his journey, to proceed to the *shouldbe seat of government*.

COMMUNICATION.

Supposing for the sake of argument, although some of the jacobin prints affect to disbelieve it, that the Marquis Yrujo has been furnished by the King his master, with new credentials, as minister to the United States of America; I wish to ask Mr. Duane and the warm and luke-warm friends of our administration, whether it can be regarded as the mere act of the King of Spain, independent of the countenance of the court of St. Cloud? Also whether if our government refuses to accredit such representative of a foreign power, it will not be considered a just cause of war? And further, if after all that has taken place, such minister is received by the President of the United States, whether the people of this country may not justly impute it to the influence of another foreign power, and consider the act as a *surrender of their independence*.

That the transfer of Louisiana by France to the United States, was a speculation on the part of the former, and a source of uneasiness to Spain, there can be no doubt; and that the purchase of that country, will either be the means of our humiliation, or of embroiling us with both nations, is pretty certain. Unfortunately Mr. Jefferson has acted in direct opposition to a wise maxim of the great Washington, "that the only effectual means of pre"serving peace with other nations, is to be prepar"ed for war." [*Gaz. U. S.*]

Marquis Yrujo. This gentleman arrived at Baltimore on Sunday last, and it was supposed he would immediately proceed to Washington. Contrary to expectation, however, he remained at that place until Wednesday morning, and then returned to Philadelphia in the Frenchtown packet.—The Baltimore editors infer from this that he has not been re-appointed; but, from the best authority, we take upon ourselves to say, that every Spanish consul in the United States has received letters from the king of Spain, stating that he *entirely approved of the official conduct of Mr. Yrujo*, and that he confirmed this approbation by re-appointing him to exercise his functions as minister from the court of Madrid to the United States. [*Com. Adv.*]

To Correspondents.

"P." though not wholly destitute of merit, is rather too trite for publication.

Miscellany.

ORATION.

A friend has furnished us with a copy of the following oration delivered at the late commencement in the University at New-York, by Mr. John A. Smith, second son of Col. Wm. S. Smith. This oration was handsomely spoken of by some of the New-York papers, and being delivered on the Wednesday succeeding his father's honourable acquittal by a jury of his country, is said to have excited much interest and sensibility in the audience.—*U. S. Gaz.*

HOWEVER customary it may be upon occasions like the present, to endeavor to conciliate the favour of the auditory by apologies for the incompetency of the speaker, and however peculiar might be the propriety of pursuing that practice, at this moment I shall forbear the attempt, under the conviction, that, before an enlightened audience, the most effectual means of securing their indulgence, is, not to need it, and before a benevolent audience, every indulgence will be granted which can reasonably be expected. The subject, upon which I purpose to request a few moments of your attention is the *Instability of National Greatness.* A subject less suited, perhaps than many others to the present occasion, but which may compensate by instruction what it wants in amusement, and may at least serve to diversify the scene, as a transient cloud passing over the face of the sun, only brightens the radiance of a serene day.

"Man cometh forth like a flower—and is cut down." Who among you, my indulgent hearers, is there who has not had occasion in the progress of a life, however prosperous, to feel in the most intimate fibres of the heart the truth and force of this comparison, so striking in its likeness, and so pathetic in its simplicity? Who among you, but in the bitterness of disappointment from prospects blasted, from hopes extinguished, from joys annihilated, by the unforeseen and untimely loss of a parent or child, a friend or a lover, has been summoned to seek as a consolation this complaint of human misery, and to soothe the anguish of individual affliction, by the reflection that it is only a portion of that general calamity which constitutes the destiny of man.

"Man cometh forth like a flower—and is cut down." Such is the condition upon which man holds his personal existence; and one of the greatest purposes for which he unites with his fellow creatures in society, is to strengthen the tenure by which he must be content to hold his being upon earth, as if he could obtain a mass of energy by the accumulation of frailties, or as if by multiplying the movable images of time, he could so alter their nature as finally to constitute the immovable image of eternity. Yes! this is one of the great objects of national associations. Thus it is, that human ingenuity contrives devices to escape from the laws of human existence, and fondly hopes by its inventions to evade the doom of the creator. By this, the ephemeral worm would wind itself into a knot, to defy dissolution, and the flower of a morning would blush with the amaranth's immortal bloom. Thus all the important institutions of national societies, we find to be founded upon the same delusive dream of perpetuity. In their external relations, in their internal constitutions, in their public acts, in their private transactions, they "affect the style of gods, and make a mock of chance and sufferance."

In a public treaty concluded between sovereign states? its first article never fails to promise with all the seriousness of sincerity, and all the confidence of truth, that there shall be perpetual peace and friendship between the parties. In a monarch placed at the head of a nation, to hold the rod of power, and to be exhibited as the pageant of the people? the gravest jurists will tell you, that Edward and Henry may indeed like other men go to their long homes, but that the king never dies. The legislative bodies of all civilized nations, from year to year, consume their time in enacting and repealing perpetual laws; and there is not a man among us, who will buy an acre of land without insisting upon having it conveyed to him and his heirs forever.

This is the building of Babel on the plains of Shinar. It is the tower whose top might reach unto heaven, to baffle the designs of Omnipotence; as if his only means of destruction were a flood! Vain is this little artifice of human wit; vain are all the fictions which he would impose upon his own imagination to disguise the transient and momentary nature of his condition upon earth. The fluttering of his pinions cannot keep him from the ground. Look around you for the lessons of experience. Trace backward the steps of time, till all their vestiges are lost in antiquity. Listen to the story of nations: it will issue in the same moral as the tale of individual biography. Observe the sun of empire at its orient gleams; its meridian glories; its western decline. You will ever find that the lot of the individual is the lot of the nation: that the social as well as solitary man, "cometh forth like a flower—and is cut down."

Shall I be required to support this universal truth by particular examples? Shall I be called upon to prove the general fact, when the annals of the world cannot furnish the solitary exception? Must I exclaim where is Babylon? Where is Persepolis? Where is that monarchy of the Medes and Persians; those hundred and twenty-seven provinces, whose laws were never to be altered? Where are the Pharaohs or Ptolemys of Egypt—where the republics of Greece, or the empire of Macedon? Where in fine that eternal Rome, so long the mistress of the world, and so late the arbitress of nations? No! these examples are too trite and too trivial for the awfulness and the universality of the fact. When a single instance of permanent power on the globe shall be adduced, then will be the time to seek the lair of the tyger, within the walls of a crumbling temple, and to range the deserts of Asia, for their mouldering monuments of magnificence. Yet let us listen to the accents of the muse. In one of her most delightful dreams from the side of the Castalian fount, she has whispered to a favorite son, and he has repeated to our credulous ears, that power may be rendered independent of time; that the perishable nature of national grandeur arises only from the principle on which it may be erected; that its fleeting character is attributable not to the constitution of man, but to that of commerce.

"That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the arboured mole away,
While self-supported power can *time* defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky."

Alas! why is this cheering side of the picture not founded on the same substantial basis as its counterpart? Why is this self-supported power, which can defy time a mere figment of the imagination? Were the conquests of Ninus or Sesostris, of Gengiskan or Timur Bec, Alexander or Charlemagne, founded upon *trade?* No! they rested upon this self-supported power. Yet, what was their defiance of time? They are gone to the family vault of the Capulets. Thebes and Sparta have had no better destiny than Tyre and Sidon; and the self-supported power of Rome has perished in the wreck of matter as completely as the trade-built citadel of Carthage.

Shall I presume to investigate the causes of this mutability which marks the public institutions as well as all the other works of man? The inquiry would be too extensive for the occasion, and too deep for the superficial acquirements of my years. But there are inferences to be drawn from the solemn truth, which peculiarly concern our beloved country: inferences obvious enough for the young to discern, and important enough for the aged to meditate. In casting our eyes around us, the first and most pleasing circumstance which must attract our attention, and command our gratitude, is our national prosperity. Whoever visits our cities, sees streets extended before him, and habitations arise around him as he goes; whoever travels through our country, beholds the forests sinking before the arm of industry, and the mansions of ease and comfort rising in swift succession till they cluster into villages, and till the very wilderness teems with human life. The very power of increasing is multiplied by the increase itself, until where we counted hundreds we find ourselves called to number millions. In the midst of this unexampled prosperity, do we not, my countrymen, sometimes discover a pro-

penfity to forget two things, of which the inſtability of national greatneſs is well calculated to remind us. The one, that this happy ſtate of tranquility was preceded by a ſtate of violent convulſion, that theſe eaſy cuſhions and downy pillows upon which we recline, were purchaſed by the toil and the blood of our fathers; that every hour of our enjoyments was the price of an hour's diſtreſs and pain to them, and that all our ſuperfluities are but the recompenſe of their privations: the other, that the moment of enjoyment ſhould be the moment of conſideration; that the longer we have poſſeſſed thoſe ineſtimable bleſſings, the leſs reaſon can we have to expect their future duration; that the hour of calamity, ſooner or later muſt ſucceed to the hour of bliſs, and that now is the time to cheriſh in our own hearts, and cultivate with fervent zeal thoſe virtues, which the ſeaſon of adverſity may ſoon demand. Let me aſk with the diffidence which becomes my youth and inexperience, whether the love of peace itſelf, which in the rulers of nations is the firſt of virtues, may not be carried among the private citizens of a republic to a dangerous and pernicious extreme? Whether it may not lead the public mind to a relaxed and languid ſtate, until puſillanimity ſhall uſurp the honors of patriotiſm, and cowardice ſhall boaſt its magnanimous diſregard of inſult and injury. "I had hope," ſays our firſt parent on beholding the viſion of futurity exhibited by the archangel Michael,

"I had hope,
When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth,
All would have then gone well, peace would have crown'd
With length of happy days the race of man.
But I was far deceiv'd! For now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waſte."

May we never, my countrymen, be held up to the world as an example on either part of this gloomy alternative! May we never miſtake ignoble eaſe and peaceful ſloth for peace! To the elder portion of thoſe who hear me ſpeak; to thoſe who have gone thro' the ſcenes of danger and the days of trial, I am ſenſible how ſuperfluous the exhortation may be: but to you, my younger auditors; my cotemporaries, ſuffer me to addreſs the monitory ſtrain. While our moſt aged citizens, in the words of the Lacedemonian ſong, may ſay, "we once were the young, the valiant, and the bold defenders of our country."

While our ſires with equal truth may exclaim, "we now pretend to the ſame honors and are ready for the ſame exertions," let us not be unmindful of our correſpondent part of the chorus, and declare "We *will be* when the time ſhall ſerve, and occaſion ſhall demand, all that our anceſtors and ſires have been before." Since nations, like individuals, are ſubjected to the viciſſitudes of exiſtence, and are doomed alternately to wax and wane, to riſe and fall, let us adopt the only reſolution, which can alike ſuit the proſperous and the adverſe hour; which can add brightneſs to the luſtre of ſucceſs, and illumine the gloom of misfortune. As citizens and as men, let us adopt the ſentiments of Sarpedon, and ſay,

But ſince, alas! ignoble age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and Death's inexorable doom;
The life, which others pay, let us beſtow,
And give to Fame, what we to Nature owe:
Brave, though we fall, or honored, if we live;
Or let us glory *gain*, or glory *give*.

Literary Gleanings.

FROM THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURT OF ST. CLOUD.

A PIOUS GROUP.

I WAS particularly attentive in obſerving the countenances and demeanor of the company, at the laſt levee which Madame Napoleone Buonaparte held, previous to her departure with her huſband, to meet the Pope at Fontainebleau. I had heard from good authority, "that to thoſe whoſe propenſities were known, Duroc's information, that the Empreſs was viſible, was accompanied with a kind of admonitory or courtly hint, that the ſtricteſt decency in dreſs and manners, and that a converſation chaſte, and rather of an unuſually modeſt turn, would be highly agreeable to their Sovereigns; in conſideration of the ſolemn occaſion of a Sovereign Pontiff's arrival in France; an occurrence that had not happened for centuries, and probably would not happen for centuries to come." I went early, and was well rewarded for my punctuality.

There came the ſenator Fouche, handing his *amiable* and *chaſte* ſpouſe, walking with as much gravity as formerly, when a friar, he marched in a proceſſion. Then preſented themſelves the ſenators Sieyes and Rœderer, with an air as compoſed, as if the former had ſtill been an Abbe, and the confeſſor of the latter. Next came Madame Murat, whom three hours before I had ſeen in the *Bois de Boulogne*, in all the diſguſting diſplay of fathionable nakedneſs, now clothed and covered to her chin. She was followed by the *pious* Madame Le Clerc, now Princeſs Borgheſe, who was ſighing deeply and loudly. After her came limping the *godly* Talleyrand, dragging his *pure* moiety by his ſide, both with downcaſt and edifying looks; the *Chriſtian patriots* Gravina and Lima; Dreyer and Beuſt, Dalberg and Cetto, Malsburgh and Pappenheim, with the *Catholic* Shimmelpenninck, and Mohamed-Sayd-Halel Effendy, all preſented themſelves as penitent ſinners imploring abſolutions, after undergoing mortifications.

But it would become tedious, and merely a repetition, were I to depict ſeparately the figures and characters of all the perſonages at this politico comical maſquerade. Their converſation was however more uniform, more contemptible, and more laughable, than their accoutrements and grimaces were ridiculous. To judge from what they ſaid, they belonged no longer to this world; all their thoughts were in heaven, and they conſidered themſelves either on the borders of eternity or on the eve of the day of the laſt judgment. The *truly devout* Madame Napoleone ſpoke with rapture of martyrs and miracles, of the maſs of the veſpers, of agnuſes and relics of Chriſt her Saviour, and of Pius VII, his vicar: had not her enthuſiaſm been interrupted by the enthuſiaſtic commentaries of her mother-in-law, I ſaw every mouth open, ready to cry out as ſoon as ſhe had finiſhed, Amen! Amen! Amen!

Napoleone had placed himſelf between the old Cardinal de Bellois and the not young Cardinal Bernier, ſo as to prevent the approach of any profane ſinner, or unrepentant infidel. Round him and their clerical chiefs, all the curates and grand vicars, almoners and chaplains of the court, and the chaplains of the Princes, Princeſſes, and grand officers of ſtate, had formed a kind of cordon. "Had," ſaid the young General Kellerman to me, "Buonaparte always been encompaſſed by troops of this deſcription, he might now have ſung hymns as a ſaint in heaven, but he would never have reigned as an emperor upon earth." This indiſcreet remark was heard by Louis Bonaparte, and on the next morning Kellerman received orders to join the army in Hanover, where he was put under the command of a general younger than himſelf. He would have been ſtill more ſeverely puniſhed, had not his father the ſenator, General Kellerman, been in ſuch great favor at the court of St. Cloud, and ſo much *protected* by Duroc, who had made in 1792, his firſt campaign under this officer, then commander in chief of the army of the Ardennes.

When this devout aſſembly ſeparated, which was by courteſy an hour earlier than uſual, I expected every moment to hear a chorus of horſe-laughs, becauſe I clearly perceived that all of them were tired of their aſſumed parts; and with me inclined to be gay at the expence of their neighbors. But they all remembered alſo that they were watched by ſpies, and that an imprudent look or an indiſcreet word, gaiety inſtead of gravity, noiſe when ſilence was commanded, might be followed by an airing in the wilderneſs of Cayenne. They therefore all called out, "Coachman to our hotel!" as much as to ſay, we will today, in compliment to the new-born chriſtian zeal of our ſovereigns, finiſh our evening as piouſly as we have begun it. But no ſooner were they out of ſight of the palace than they hurried to ſcenes of diſſipation; all endeavoring, in the debaucheries and exceſſes ſo natural to them, to forget their unnatural affectation and hypocriſy.

Well you know the ſtandard of the faith even of the members of the Buonaparte family. Two days before this *Chriſtian*

circle at Madame Napoleone's, Madame de Chateaureine, with three other ladies, viſited the Princeſs Borgheſe. Not ſeeing a favorite parrot they had often previouſly admired, they enquired what was become of it. "Oh, the poor creature!" anſwered the Princeſs, "I have diſpoſed of it as well as of two of my monkeys. The Emperor has obliged me to engage an almoner and two chaplains, and it would be extravagant in me to keep ſix uſeleſs animals in my hotel; I muſt now ſubmit to hearing the diſguſting howlings of my almoner, inſtead of the entertaining chat of my parrot, and to ſee the awkward bows and kneelings of my chaplains, inſtead of the amuſing capering of my monkeys. Add to this, that I am forced to transform into a chapel my elegant and taſty *boudoir*, on the ground floor, where I have paſſed ſo many fortunate moments, ſo many delicious *tete-a-tetes*. Alas! what a change! what a ſhocking faſhion, that we are now all again to be Chriſtians!!!"

Hudson, *September 30.*

Be it our weekly task,
To note the passing tidings of the times.

.....

☞ *The annual meeting of the Medical Society of the county of Columbia, will be held on the first Tuesday in October next, at the court-house in the city of Hudson, at* 10 *o'clock A. M.*

By order of the President,
Wm. BAY, Sec'ry.

TO READERS.

We have the ſatisfaction of preſenting our readers, this week, with a ſpecimen of the beautiful new type with which the Balance will, in future, be principally printed.

An extra. sheet of *Advertiſements* will no longer accompany the Balance. They will, in future, be published in the Newspaper, which is to be iſſued on *Thurſdays*. Thoſe who wiſh to receive the Newspaper, and have not yet ſubſcribed, are deſired to ſend in their names as ſoon as poſſible.

APOLOGY.

A groſs and unlucky error eſcaped in Preſident Nott's Addreſs, in the laſt Balance. Second column, 4th and 5th lines, ſhould read "The God of nature has *not* thought it derogatory," &c. The word *not* was omitted.

READER AND EDITOR.

Reader. Well, Mr. Editor, what think you of old Connecticut now?

Editor. Connecticut may well be called what Mr. Coleman terms her, "*The Citadel of Federaliſm.*" The ſoil of that ſtate is ſuch that demagogues cannot flouriſh there. Sophiſtry and falſehood can take no root. The people have wiſdom to judge, and firmneſs to act, for themſelves. The democrats may ſet up a falſe "*Witneſs*" in every village, and ſend a *Manager* to every farm; and after all, reap the conſolation of being the more abhorred the more they make themſelves known. They may crowd every jail in the ſtate with Osborns and Aſhleys, and ſtill get nothing but their labour for their pains.

Reader. We find it even ſo. This affair of Osborn's reminds me of an anecdote which I heard related ſome years ſince:—

A ſimple African, who had heard of the wonderful converſions wrought by the celebrated Whitfield, having been told that he was to preach in a neighboring barn, repaired to the ſpot, fully prepared, as he thought, for the reception of the new light. He had not long attended to the diſcourſe of the preacher, before he tumbled down in the barn-yard—threw himſelf into all manner of contortions, and bawled out—*Maſſa Whitfield convart me!—Maſſa Whitfield convart me now!* A bye-ſtander, diſguſted at the ridiculous pranks of poor Pompey, begged him not to make ſuch a diſturbance, aſſuring him that the preacher in the barn was not Mr. Whitfield, but a mere pretender, every way his inferior. Pompey's enthuſiaſm left him in an inſtant. He ſprang upon his feet, and ſcraping the filth from his clothes as well as he could, exclaimed—*Fooliſh old negro—make all this ado—and get all over dirty for nothing!*

Editor. The anecdote is indeed applicable; for, by the Connecticut Courant, it appears, that the number of democratic repreſentatives is leſs than it has been for three years paſt. Out of 136, there are but 61 democrats, leaving a majority of 75. Hearken a moment to a communication in the Courant, ſigned by "the People":—

"The iſſue of the late election demands the gratitude of all good men towards thoſe who have contributed to produce it.

"To Mr. Wolcott, the State-Manager, we owe much for that ſplendid part which he has taken, and for permitting the federaliſts to gain the election in more than two thirds of the towns, when according to his circular letter of the 28th of Auguſt there was a majority of republican voters in the ſtate—ſuch an *act of clemency* will be remembered while the name of ſtate-manager remains.

"To his county, town and diſtrict managers, our gratitude is due in proportion to their ſpheres of action and grades of office, not forgetting Mr. Joſhua Stow and his ſaddle-bags.

"To the guests on Litchfield hill who celebrated the 4th of July on the 6th of Auguſt, and bowed at the gaol to Mr. Selleck Osborn, we bow with *all due reſpect*; and would propoſe that Mr. Osborn be liberated, as his impriſonment has *revolutionized the county* and thus anſwered his *purpoſe*.

"To the committee who have reported *weekly* the ſtate of his *body* and *mind*, we tender our acknowledgements.

"To judge Pennington and the Newark democrats whoſe *kindneſs* was manifeſted towards a *ſuffering patriot*, and who condeſcended to interfere with the doings of our courts of law in the puniſhment of offenders, we tender our hearty thanks, and wiſh the great and good judge, much joy on the iſſue of his labor of love.

"To William Duane, of Philadelphia, that patriot of '76, and to Sam. H. Smith of Waſhington, that *national ſmoothing-plane*, we tender our cordial acknowledgements for their exertions to obtain ſubſcriptions for Osborn's paper, as alſo for the *very juſt* accounts which they have given to the union of the conviction and puniſhment of their friend.

"To all the democratic editors of newſpapers who have ſtepped forth to relieve oppreſſed humanity by *whining*, *crying* and *lying*, wherever diſperſed, we ſend our felicitations, earneſtly begging that they would *continue* to *aſſiſt* the people of Connecticut in maintaining their preſent happy ſtate of things, by abuſing our courts, legiſlature and magiſtrates, and by publiſhing from time to time the lamentations of our convicts.

"We cannot cloſe our remarks without requeſting the ſtate-manager to appoint *another feſtival*; and we would recommend, with humility and reſpect, that it be holden in the month of March, which will be the anniverſary of Osborne's trial and conviction."

—

Reader. Can you tell us ſomething rare or curious?

Editor. At leaſt one fact may be mentioned under this head; and I will give it, as I find it in Pouliſon's Philadelphia paper:—"On heaving down the ſhip Pennſylvania Packet, lately from Canton, in order to diſcover a ſmall leak, which ſhe had experienced on her paſſage home, it was found that ſhe had been ſtruck about ſix feet below the bends by a Sword Fiſh, which had driven its tuſk or ſword through the copper ſheathing and bottom plank, to the ceiling inſide; and being unable to draw it out again, had left it remaining in the bottom, and broken ſhort off outſide. The force with which it was driven in, was ſo great, as to ſplinter the plank and cauſe the leak. Had the ſword been withdrawn, 'tis probable the ſhip would have made more water than could have been lifted by the pumps. Part of the ſword was cut off in extricating it, the remainder meaſures ten inches long, and nearly two inches in diameter."

Reader. Inſtances of this kind are not very common, tho' I have read of ſeveral; and have often endeavored to form an idea of the ſize and ſtrength of a fiſh, which is apparently poſſeſſed of ſuch aſtoniſhing powers.

Editor. The ſword fiſh is ſlender, and apparently weak, the ſword extending from the upper jaw, being at leaſt half the length of the body; it is, however, extremely ſharp, and the fiſh darts through the water with great velocity.

—

Reader. What reception does the Spaniſh Marquis meet with, at the ſeat of government?

Editor. He has not yet preſented himſelf there. He went to Baltimore, we are told by the democratic papers of that city, with an intention of proceeding to Waſhington, and then.....returned again to Philadelphia.

Reader. Perhaps he deems it adviſable to pave the way for his reception, by republiſhing ſome of his former threats.

Editor. Should he again remind Mr. Jefferson, that the king his master could lay the whole of our sea-port towns under contribution by six seventy-fours and as many frigates, his success would be far less doubtful than at present.

—

Reader. I am anxious to hear some authentic news from Miranda.

Editor. Miranda's success is very doubtful. By a late arrival it appears that while he was in possession of Coro, with only 3 or 400 men, he was surrounded by 3 or 4000; but that he had never been attacked. Nevertheless, he judged it prudent to abandon the advantages he had obtained, and accordingly embarked his troops in the night of the 16th of August, and sailed in search of a more eligible situation. Capt. Thompson, of the Leander, put in for water with some of his people, at a watering place within a few miles of Coro, where they were attacked by the Spaniards, and capt. Thompson and 14 of his men killed.

—

Reader. Do you learn any thing further concerning Jerome Bonaparte's squadron?

Editor. It is stated in a Baltimore paper, that one of the 74's has been taken by an English 44, off the Capes, and burnt; and that the officers and men are landed at Norfolk.

A letter from Annapolis, dated Sept. 16, (inserted in the Baltimore Telegraphe) says, "We have now off the harbor two French 74's, both a little worse of the gale. The crew of L'Eole, the last that came in, are perfectly healthy—those of the Patriote the very reverse—but, take them altogether, I never beheld such a miserable looking set of beings—a clean shirt among them is what I never saw, and *no shirt* is not uncommon!"

Jerome Bonaparte, parted from his squadron, and sailed for Europe, before the gales came on.

—

Reader. The democratic papers speak of a supposed plan to effect a dismemberment of the union. What is your opinion of this affair?

Editor. I have no reason to doubt that such a plan is on foot. The Kentuckians, long since, threatened to withdraw from the union and declare themselves independent. Under the present feeble administration, they would find but little difficulty in carrying the threat into execution; and, if all our accounts are true, they are not, at present, in want of able leaders and counsellors.

Reader. Their views probably extend beyond the limits of Kentucky.

Editor. Without doubt. Louisiana and the whole western territory is included.

Reader. Do you believe that Col. Burr is a ring-leader in this conspiracy?

Editor. Ever since his flight from this state, I have been suspicious of such an event; and now, therefore, I am more credulous, on this point.

Reader. The democratic papers tell us that a gentleman belonging to Onondaga county, has lately left that place on secret business—that he has had his debts (of considerable amount) paid by some unknown hand—that he has been furnished with means to appear dressed and equipped in the most superb manner, with a waiter to attend him—that he has engaged several young gentlemen of talents and address to follow after and meet him at Pittsburg—that they are to be dressed and equipped in the same superb style with himself, &c. &c. What do you think of all this?

Editor. I can only say, that such accounts, resting on democratic authority alone, should be received with great caution.

—

Reader. What is the latest news from our blessed Louisiana?

Editor. Somewhat squally. About 900 Spaniards, with some Indians, have passed over the Sabine river, and stationed themselves within 12 miles of Nachitoches, at the Adais, from which they were driven last year, by the American troops. Preparations are making to meet them, and it is expected, they will soon see which can do the other the most harm. But, here are the particulars, extracted from a letter, from a gentleman of high respectability, in Wilkinson county, Mississippi territory, to his friend in Philadelphia, dated August 21st.

"I wrote you by last mail, informing you a considerable Spanish force was advancing towards Natchitoches, our western frontier. It is now well ascertained that gov. Arara, with about 1000 men, and some Indians, has taken possession of the Adais, a post from which they were driven by capt. Turner last year. Gov. Arara has declared to our commandant at Natchitoches, (col. Cushing) that his intention is to take and keep for his king and master, the territory between the Sabine river and the Arago Hondo, (sometimes called the Gondokos) about six miles from Nachitoches. Col. Cushing is manœuvering his troops, and will be joined by Col. Kingsberry, and his detachment from Fort Adams; what will there be done it is impossible to conjecture, whether they will be suffered to take the boasted Louisiana back by small districts, or to drive us into the Gulph stream at one stroke, is yet to be ascertained.

"They have so long plundered us with impunity, have violated our territory, taken our citizens from within our own limits, and have gone unpunished, that we have little hope of relief from our general government; and I am fearful, situated as we are, with but a small number of regular troops, a badly organized militia; approximating to the Floridas, a great many of the inhabitants of which are old tories and cutthroats; surrounded by a great number of Indian tribes, with whom we have reason to believe our neighbors are constantly intriguing, we are much more critically situated than our general government have any idea of; convinced as our administration must be, of the immense value of Louisiana, equal to any part of our continent of the same magnitude, I believe, of more importance. It appears strange why it is left so long in a defenceless condition."

—

Reader. What intelligence has been received from Europe, since our last conversation?

Editor. But little that can be depended on—and that little not highly important.—

Capt. Story, of the ship Connecticut, arrived at New-York, spoke a British cutter, on the 16th of August, and was informed that preliminaries of peace were signed at Madrid, on the 4th of August, between G. Britain and Spain.—You will readily perceive that this information is not entitled to much credit.

Reader. Is not such an event, however, to be expected?

Editor. Spain cannot make peace without the consent of France; and of a peace between the latter and England, opinions are various. The editor of the *People's Friend*, thus pointedly takes the negative of the question:—

"As to peace between France and England, we will believe it when we see it gazetted, but not before; it does not necessarily follow that because Mr. Fox negociates, a peace will be concluded. Negociation with such an enemy as Napoleon may be made, and may be intended to be made, a sinew of war. If France should be found unreasonable, and its terms inconsistent with the security of Great-Britain, the minister will then be able to come forward to Parliament with better claims upon its support, and to the people with a more lively appeal to their feelings. Negociation may be good policy. Twice lord Malmesbury went to negociate, and twice returned with war in his mouth. So will lord Lauderdale, or whoever goes to Paris on the present occasion. We repeat it, we will not believe that a peace is made, till we see it gazetted, and then we will aver that the sun which dawns upon that event will be the darkest that ever rose upon the face of creation, since the transgression of our first parents brought sin into the world. In a continuance of the war only can Britain look for salvation. That star once extinguished—all will be darkness and eternal night over the face of creation."

Notwithstanding this, however, the intelligence received through various channels, from Europe, is calculated to strengthen the opinion, that peace is about taking place.

Capt. Whitney, from Bordeaux, which place he left the 3d and the river the 7th August, informs, that it was reported the day he sailed, that a peace was concluded between France and England.

The American Consul at Nantz has written to Mr. Madison to the same effect.

The Knot.

MARRIED,

In this city, on Sunday last, by the Rev. Mr. Judd, Mr. SAMUEL W. CLARK, Printer, to Miss REBECCA DAVIS, daughter of Mr. Jacob Davis, all of this city.

The Knell.

At Burlington, Vermont, on the 6th inst. Col. UDNEY HAY, in the 67th year of his age.

Drowned—at Hartford (Conn.) Mr. JOHN M. STRONG, son of the Rev. Dr. Strong.

Wreath.

A POEM ON LIBERTY,

Delivered by one of the Graduates, at the annual commencement of Union College, on the 30th July, 1806.

THRO' ev'ry age, since Time's career began,
All precious freedom was the pride of man.
Convinc'd from her his richest blessings flow'd,
With warmest love to her, his bosom glow'd.
He knew for him, the world could have no charms,
Were the fair cherub ravish'd from his arms:
Hence he determined, with unceasing care,
To guard his fav'rite from the tyrant's snare.

But yet what myriads of their birth right robb'd,
Whose harrow'd hearts with keenest anguish throbb'd!
Oft has the king resign'd a nation's sway,
To waste in chains his tedious life away:
Oft has the father's bliss-abounding soul,
Drank the sour dregs, of slav'ry's cursed bowl:
Oft has the peasant left his happy cot,
To brave the horrors of the prisoner's lot;
Oft has the damsel's bright unsullied bloom,
Been dimm'd and blasted, by a dungeon's gloom;
Oft has the poet, wak'd by native fire,
To blissful freedom strung his tuneful lyre,
And while to her he sung melodious strains,
Far, far removed, she heeded not his pains.

Columbia's bard, a better song can raise;
By freedom fir'd, he celebrates her praise;
Within his breast no sad'ning tenant dwells;
His freeborn soul with freeborn rapture swells.
Hail! sacred power, whose charity bestows,
Charms to our lives, and comforts to our woes;
Thee we esteem, the choicest pledge of love,
Vouchsaf'd to mortals from the realms above.
Thy cheering aid revives the bondsman's soul,
Bids tears of joy in copious torrents roll.
Thine is the voice whose solace can impart,
The calmest feelings to the human heart;
Thy syren notes invite to soft repose,
And weary eyes in balmy slumbers close;
These light the burthen, which the lab'rer bears,
And drown in raptures, dull corroding cares.
Thy genial smiles, the sweetest bliss we know,
Thy awful frowns, the bitt'rest earthly woe.

What can avail the pomp of glitt'ring ore,
The boast of wisdom, or exhaustless lore;
The bubble honor, or the gewgaw fame,
All friends to praise, and not a foe to blame,
The gilded palace or the splendid dome,
If freedom scorns to make with thee her home?
Who'd not prefer the humble yeoman's state,
To all the treasures of the bondag'd great?
Wherever freedom unalloy'd abides,
There heavenly virtue with the nymph resides;
They form a lovely and a constant band,
Who, where they wander, wander hand in hand.
Thrice favor'd clime, where freedom rears her throne!
There ne'er is heard the wretches piercing groan,
There, not a cloud with baleful aspect lours,
No curse, the cup of man's existence sours;
There, ev'ry blessing in communion meets,
And every heart with throbs extatic beats.
And thanks to heav'n, that on Columbian ground,
The hapless goddess has a refuge found.

But ah! what regions did the Nymph explore,
Ere she attain'd this tranquil, happy shore!
When bliss was banish'd by our parents' fall,
And one black night o'erspread the hopes of all,
The spotless infant of celestial birth,
Was sent to cheer the dolesome sons of earth.

Her lovely form, unwitness'd charms display'd,
Ten thousand blooming graces round her play'd;
Dazzling her robe, her countenance serene,
Blazing her eye, and dignified her mien;
Angelic convoys introduc'd the child,
And nature gladden'd as the seraph smil'd.
But ah! the smile which her fair visage grac'd,
A vagrant life of wretchedness prefac'd.
Untutor'd, where her lonely course to bend,
She rov'd, unconscious when her toils would end.
Where'er she stopp'd, the warriors arm for fight,
By dauntless valor to assert their right;
To rule the victors, throngs of tyrants rose,
And she, indignant, fled her ruthless foes.
Oft had the Goddess climb'd the cragged steep,
And trod in pain o'er many a slaughter'd heap;
Spent by her labors in pursuit of peace,
The pensive wand'rer hails the shores of Greece.
Here for a while she found a safe retreat,
And here her breast with joy began to beat.
She with the Shepherds sported on the plains,
And by her accents molified their strains;
Thus bound in union with the artless few,
Their barren minds with flowers of science grew.
She bade fam'd Orpheus sweep the trembling lyre,
To quell the fury of the savage fire;
The wond'ring tribes with list'ning ears attend,
And desert whoops with sound symphonious blend.
He bade their slaughters and contentions cease,
And tun'd their souls to all the arts of peace.
Their tempers calm'd, their feelings were refin'd,
In firmest bonds of fellowship they join'd.
Thus a once cruel, unenlighten'd race,
Unite to form societies' broad base.
Where dismal cells and cliff-s coop'd caves appear'd,
Now lofty domes in majesty are rear'd;
Now art and science fix their bright abode,
Where the rude feet of furious hunters trode.
Greece lifts sublime, her heav'n aspiring head,
Her full orb'd glory thro' the world is spread.
But ah! vain Greece, she little knew how soon,
The night of slav'ry follows freedom's noon.
Imperious Rome, could not endure so near,
A nation rais'd above all nations' fear;
Nor could her pride, the prostrate world allow,
To any mistress but herself to bow.
Hence she resolv'd that crown should deck her own,
Which on the head of her proud rival shone.
Resistless bands of vet'ran soldiers rise,
To share the trophies of the matchless prize;
With rapid steps they reach the lofty gate,
Where Greece sat tott'ring on the verge of fate.
Fierce was the contest, dubious was the end:
For what is certain where such foes contend?
But Roman prowess soon, alas! prevails;
For Grecian strength with countless numbers fails;
The storm of battle with such ruin fraught,
All Grecian greatness tumbles into nought.
Poor exil'd freedom, bade lost Greece farewell;
And to all conqu'ring Rome retir'd to dwell.
With one accord her sons their sov'reign greet,
And pay their homage at her royal feet;
Mirth frolicks round, joy glistens in their eyes,
While thankful pæans in accordance rise;
Their toils were o'er, the mighty work was done,
Their rival ruin'd, and their freedom won.

(To be concluded next week.)

Diversity.

Method of cleaning Silk, Woollen, and Cotton Goods, without damage to the texture or colour.

GRATE raw potatoes to a fine pulp in clean water, and pass the liquid matter through a coarse sieve into another vessel of water; let the mixture stand till the fine white particles of the potatoes are precipitated, then pour the mucilaginous liquor from the fecula, and preserve the liquor for use. The article to be cleaned should then be laid on a linen cloth on a table; and having provided a clean sponge, dip it in the potatoe liquor, and apply it to the article to be cleaned, till the dirt is perfectly separated, then wash it in clean water several times. Two middle-sized potatoes will be sufficient for a pint of water. The white fecula will answer the purpose of tapioca, and make an useful nourishing food with soup or milk, or serve to make starch and hair-powder. The coarse pulp, which does not pass the sieve, is of great use in cleaning worsted curtains, tapestry, carpets, or other coarse goods. The mucilaginous liquor will clean all sorts of silk, cotton or woollen goods, without hurting or spoiling the colour; it is also used in cleaning old paintings or furniture that is soiled. Dirty painted wainscots may be cleaned by wetting a sponge in the liquor, then dipping it in a little fine clean sand, and afterwards rubbing the wainscot with it.—*Lon. pap.*

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